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Swan River.



SWAN RIVER.

THE subjoined Engraving represents a portion of the luxuriant country on the banks of Swan River. Its authenticity may be relied on, as it is copied from a well-executed print,* from an original drawing by one of the Expedition. On this spot Captain Stirling and his party bivouacked in March, 1827, as shown in the Engraving.

Perhaps the best accompaniment for this print will be Mr. Fraser's Report of "the Botanical Productions, &c. of the Banks of Swan River, Isle of Buache, Geographe Bay, and Cape Naturaliste," lately read before the Linnean Society. For a copy of this Report we are indebted to the Fourth Edition of Mr Cross's valuable "Hints," noticed in the *Description of Swan River, &c.* in Nos. 368 and 359 of the *Mirror*. We there gave a few extracts from Mr. Fraser's Remarks; but these were not sufficiently numerous to impair the interest of the entire report.

" The North and South Heads of the entrance into Swan River are formed by low rocks of fossil limestone, in an advanced state of decomposition, presenting, in many instances, apertures of the most fantastic form, in which are exposed to view the appearance of masses of roots, and trunks of trees of great size. . . .

" The soil on the South Head, though barren, produces a considerable variety of interesting plants; amongst which I observed a beautiful species, producing large quantities of rich blue flowers, and a species of reclining white flowers give a snowy appearance to many parts of the cliffs.

" In tracing the River a quarter of a mile from its entrance on the South Bank, I observed quantities of a beautiful species of *Brownonia*, growing in great luxuriance on the margin of a salt-marsh; its flowers were of a brilliant sky blue. Here I likewise observed a magnificent species of *Melaleuca* with scarlet flowers, and two species of *Metrosideros*.

" Half a mile from the entrance, I found the soil, although apparently sterile, to consist of a fine light brown loam, containing a small proportion of sand, and capable of producing any description of light garden crops. This description applies not only to the im-

* Published by Mr. J. W. Huggins, 105, Leadenhall-street, through whose courtesy we are enabled to present our readers with the annexed view.

mediate bank as far as the reach below Pelican Point, but likewise to the hills, as far as my observations went. These hills present the appearance of a petrified forest, from the immense quantity of trunks which protrude for several feet above the surface; but their decomposed state renders them of benefit rather than otherwise to the soil.

" I was much astonished at the beautiful dark green appearance of the trees, considering that the season had been evidently unusually dry; but the cause must arise from the great number of springs with which this country abounds. On penetrating two feet into the earth, I found the soil perfectly moist; and I feel confident that, had I proceeded a foot deeper, I should have found water. On the beach I observed several small pools of water, and numerous moist spots, which, in seasons of usual humidity, must be converted into springs issuing from the calcareous rocks beneath.

" The luxuriance of the herbage on the beach itself is truly astonishing. Here I observed a beautiful pendulous species of *Leptospermum*, resembling, in its appearance, and the situation it prefers, the weeping willow. An arborescent species of *Acacia* was likewise seen associating with it.

" While examining the productions of a mass of cavernous limestone rocks on the beach, I was astonished by observing an extensive spring issue from beneath them; its width was about seven feet, running at the rate of three feet in a second: the water is brackish, but evidently fresh at some periods of the tide. Its elevation is about three feet above low-water mark, yet at the lowest ebb its current was at the above rate.

" The soil on the North Head is sandy; its productions are much the same as that on the South. Two hundred yards from the beach the soil changes to a light red loam, improving, as the hills are ascended, to that of a fine virgin earth. The valleys separating these hills are of the richest description, and capable of producing any crop; the country continues of the same description along the coast, as far as my observations went, and inland to Pelican Point, beyond which its character was not examined.

" The limestone with which these hills are studded renders them admirably adapted for the culture of the vine, and, being divested of timber or brushwood, to immediate culture.

" The few trees and shrubs seen on

these hills are stunted, but a species of *Calytrix*, or cypress, is of the most beautiful green.

" On perambulating the beach I was astonished at the great degree of fragrance imparted by two species of *Metrosideros*, then in flower, exceeding any thing I ever smelt. On the beach I observed a magnificent arborescent species of *Rhagodia*, twenty feet in height, and immense quantities of *Gnaphalium*; but no marine productions were discovered.

" From Pelican Point to the entrance of the Moreau, the country is diversified with hills of gentle elevation, and narrow valleys, magnificently clothed with trees of the richest green. Here the genus *Banksia* appears in all its grandeur, consisting of three species, of which *grandis* is the most conspicuous. The principal timber is *Eucalyptus*. The shrubs consist of a species of *Dryandra*, two species of *Hakea*, one of *Grevillea*, and a species of pendulous *Viminaria* of considerable height, richly clothed with yellow and crimson flowers, associating itself in the most graceful manner with the pendulous *Leptospermum* already alluded to.

" The shores are covered with rushes of great height and thickness, concealing many beautiful syngenesious plants; they are occasionally flooded.

" The soil between the above Points resembles, in its surface, the sandy soil of the shores of Port Jackson, more than any hitherto seen; but on digging a few inches, it is found to contain a considerable proportion of loam. The valleys and headlands are of excellent soil, more particularly that of Garden Point. Here we planted several *Bananas*, and seeds of all sorts of culinary vegetables. This Point produces an immense number of herbaceous plants, among which is a species of *Goodenia*.

" The botanical productions of Point Heathcote are splendid, consisting of magnificent *Banksias* and *Dryandras*, a remarkable species of *Hakea*, two of *Grevillea*, one of *Leptospermum*, and a beautiful dwarf species of *Calytrix*. Here we found great abundance of fresh water on the beach, by scratching the sand with our fingers, within two inches of low-water mark. The beach at Garden Point is of the same character; and I doubt not but every beach within the Heads will be found of a similar description.

" The view from Pelican Point is exceedingly grand; the contrast between the dark blue of the distant mountains and the livid green of the surrounding

forests is peculiarly pleasing, and, to the eye of a person accustomed to the *ever-brown* of the forests of Port Jackson, it must be particularly interesting, so materially distinct is it from any thing in New South Wales. From Point Heathcote to the Inlands the country seemed to improve, as far as I could judge, from the immense quantity of herbage it produced.

" The only spot of the opposite shore examined was found to produce *Banksias* and *Eucalyptus*. The shrubs consisted of beautiful species of *Isopogon* and *Jacksonia*, with crimson flowers, and a species of *Acacia*, with the general productions of the other shore. The soil is sandy, and the cliffs (of very considerable elevation) are formed of fossil lime and sandstone. The view from this point of the meanderings of the river, and the Moreau, with the surrounding country and the distant mountains, is particularly grand.

" The Islands on the flats are composed of a rich deposit, carried down by the floods; their margins are covered with *Metrosideros* and *Casuarina*, and their interior with submarine succulent plants. On one of these Islands I observed an arborescent *Pakn*, which, on examination, proved to be a species of *Zamia*, with spiral fruit, differing only from *spiralis* in habit. Here the *Aquatic Goodenia*, formerly alluded to, disappears. The difficulties which the party met with here (from originally mistaking the channel), in dragging the boats over the mud, were great, but by perseverance were overcome. From the extensive beds of oyster-shells, covered by soft mud about a foot in depth, our feet became dreadfully lacerated. These flats are extensive, but by having flat-bottomed boats they can easily be crossed.

" At Point Fraser the bank may be said to terminate, and the channel appears to be that of a beautiful inland river. The flats or levels at this point are very fertile, composed of a rich alluvial deposit, but evidently flooded, drift timber having been seen five feet above the surface. Here are extensive salt-marshes, admirably adapted for the growth of cotton. The hills on the banks of the river are barren, resembling those of Port Jackson, producing, however, a magnificent species of *Angophora*, which seems to abound as much in this part as the genus *Eucalyptus* does in that of Port Jackson. *Banksia grandis* was here seen to attain the height of fifty feet, and frequently exceeding two feet and a half in diameter.

"Amongst the botanical discoveries of this tract may be enumerated—a species of *Metrosideros*, of great beauty, forming thickets on the flats, and intermingling with two other species of the same genus, of minor beauty, its flowers of the most brilliant scarlet, general height six feet; and a pink-flowered species of *Centaurea*, of considerable beauty.

"Here I observed a species of *Psittacus* (cockatoo), in large flocks. The back and upper part of the wings were white, whilst the quill feathers of the tail were a pale yellow, and the others white. The breast of the male was of a dirty grey and light vermillion, and the female of a dirty black. The upper part of the feathers of the crest were white, whilst the inner part and under surface were of a bright vermillion. The eyes were dark brown, surrounded by a lead-coloured membranous substance, half an inch in depth, and the upper mandible projects considerably over the under. It flies low, has a more plaintive voice than that of the white cockatoo, and feeds on the roots of orchideous plants, for which they scratch to a considerable depth."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE OAK.

(For the Mirror.)

AMONG the ancient Britons, the oak was the symbol of every thing holy and sacred; it is therefore, more than probable, that the prejudice at one time existing in the neighbourhood of Norwood, against the "felling of oaks," mentioned by P. T. W. (in No. 403, of the *Mirror*), was a remnant of Druidical superstition.

The Druids were divided into three classes:—1st the Druid, or more properly written, *Derwydd*. 2nd. the Bard, or *Bardd*: and 3rd. the *Ovydd*. Now the word *Derwydd*, is derived from *Derw*, oak, and *ydd*, which is merely a termination of words, as branch, branching, &c. with us; literally signifying the trunk, or support of an oak. *Bardd* is derived from *Bar*, a branch, or foliage, and the termination as before; and *Ovydd*, from *Ov*, tender, or youthful, &c. Thus was constituted the Holy Temple of the Oak; the Druid was the chief stay and support; the Bard conveyed the sacred precepts and sublime mysteries of Druidical worship to the people, ornamented and arrayed in the beautiful foliage of nature and imagination; while the *Ovydd*, the young shoot, or sapling, was gradually

initiated, in order to insure stability to the system.

QUASSITOR.

BACCHANALIAN EPITAPH.

THE following epitaph in the Church of the Holy Ghost, at Sienna, is copied from a very scarce book entitled, "Variorum in Europa, &c. 1599, per Nathan Chrytaeus, Edit. Secun."

POTATOES.

"Vina dabant vitam—Mortem mihi vini dederat.
Sobrium Auroram cernere non potui.
Ossa meruunt satum Vino consperge sepulcrum
Et calice epoto—Care Viator abi.

Valete Potatores."

'Twas rosy wine, that juice divine,
My life and joys extended;
But death alas! has drain'd my glass,
And all my pleasures ended.

The social bowl, my jovial soul,
Ere morn ne'er thought of quitting,
A jolly fellow, his wine, till mellow,
To leave is not befitting.

My thirsty bones, oh! spare their means,
Cry out for irrigation,
I pray, then o'er my grave you'll pour
A copious libation.

Then fill a cup, and drink it up,
Pure wine, like ruby glowing,
This boon I pray, dear trav'ler pay
When from this tomb you're going.

Topers, farewell! where'er you dwell,
May wine be most abundant,
Be all your lays, of wine the praise,
In Peans loud resounding.

Retrospective Gleanings,

HISTORY OF ANCIENT JEWELLERY.

Rings.

THE antiquity of Rings is known from Scripture. When Pharaoh committed the government of all Egypt to Joseph, he took his ring from his finger, and gave it to him, as a mark of power.

The Israelitish women wore rings, not only on their fingers, but also in their nostrils and ears. The ancient Chaldeans, Babylonians, Persians, and Greeks, had likewise the use of the ring. Quintus Curtius says, that Alexander sealed the letters he wrote into Europe with his own seal, and those in Asia with Darius's ring.

The Greeks, Pliny thinks, knew nothing of the ring in the time of the Trojan war. The reason he gives is, that we find no mention of it in Homer, but that when letters, &c., were to be sent away, they were tied up, and the strings knotted.

The Sabines had rings in Romulus's time; and it is from them, probably, the practice first came to the Greeks; and from them it passed to the Romans, who were contented with iron rings a long time; and Pliny says, Marius first

wore a gold one in his third consulate, which was in the year of Rome 650. They were at first worn on the fourth finger, then on the second—then on the little finger, and at last on all the fingers excepting the middle one.

Kennett, in his *Antiquities of Rome*, says, “Suetonius reports, that when the Emperor Tiberius swooned away, and was reputed dead, his rings were taken from him, though he afterwards recovered, and asked for them again.”—They were much mistaken who fancied him to have done this with a design to change his heir; for though it was an usual custom with the ancients to constitute their heir or successor, by delivering him their rings on their death-bed, yet this signified nothing, in case a legal will was produced to the contrary.—Page 339.

The popperty of wearing rings among the Greeks at length rose to that pitch, that they had their weekly rings; and Heliogabalus, who was the dandy of his age, never wore the same ring twice: may he not be called the *original ring-dropper*?

Fosbroke tells us, Lord Chancellor Hatton sent to Queen Elizabeth a ring, against infections, to be worn in the bosom. *Grave persons*, such as *aldermen*, used a plain broad gold ring upon their thumb.

The Indians wear rings on the feet; and the kings of Pegu have rings, set with precious stones, on every toe. Sometimes the wing-cases of the diamond beetle, or the whole insect, is mounted like a gem on rings, and worn as an ornament on the finger.

Seals.

The use of Seals is of high antiquity. Jezebel, in 1st of Kings, chap. xxi., seals the orders she sent for Naboth's death with the king's seal. Pliny tells us, at Rome they were become of absolute necessity—insomuch, that a testament was null without the testator's seal, and the seals of seven witnesses.

John Selden says, “That there were no seals before the conquest in England: no king of this land, except the Confessor, before the conquest, ever using in their charters more than subscription of name and crosses.” Sir Edward Coke thinks there was an instance of King Edwy's making use of a seal about a hundred years before the conquest, though some have doubted the authenticity of this charter, because it is certain that sealing was not then in common use. We are told, before the time of William the Conqueror, the

English did not seal with wax, but only made a golden cross on the parchment, and sometimes an impression on lead, which hung to the grant with a silken string.

The practice of affixing the sign of the cross proceeded from their inability to write, which is honestly avowed by Caedwalla, a Saxon king, at the end of one of his charters. The same circumstance is related concerning the Emperor Justin, in the east, and Theodoric, King of the Goths, in Italy.

The *terra sigillaris*, or sealing earth, which was rather a bitumen, was brought from Asia, by the Romans: it was first known, says Beckmann, among the Egyptians, and the specimens are seemingly all enclosed in leaden cases. Pipe-clay was also used, as well as malta, or a cement of pitch, wax, plaster, and fat, applied likewise to make paper water-tight. The Etruscans even sealed treaties with blood; and dough or paste has been used. Wax is, however, the most usual substance; but the colour of that used by the Romans is unknown. The several colours which we know (says Fosbroke) are white, yellow, red, green, mixed, blue and black. The colour of the wax with which William's grants were sealed was usually green, to signify the act continued for ever, fresh, and of force. The Emperors of Germany used the white, from Otho the First to Frederick the Fourth; as well as the dukes, prelates, counts, &c., to the thirteenth century. After that time the use of it was rare, especially out of Germany. Frederick the Fourth granted it as a privilege to a duke of Modena. The Kings of Great Britain in general preferred white, down to Charles the First.

P. T. W.

The Sketch-Book.

GASPARONI THE BANDIT.

(From the Foreign Literary Gazette,
No. I.)

[The authenticity of the following Memoir, and the manner in which it has been obtained, by the confessions of the criminal himself, will sufficiently appear in the course of the narrative. We have to thank our distinguished correspondent, Count V***** for selecting our pages as the medium for bringing our readers so intimately acquainted with the atrocious career of this sanguinary monster.]

Milan, 7th December, 1829.

MR. EDITOR.—Perhaps a short sketch of the life of the famous bandit Gasparoni, little known to the public, from the jealousy with which the Roman government have kept secret even the present existence of this wretch, may not be un-

interesting to your readers. The writer has gleaned the following from a friend, who is one of the very few persons who have had the opportunity of seeing and frequently conversing with him in his cell. He is in appearance about forty years of age, though much younger; about the middle size, and rather slightly formed. His costume was at first extremely picturesque and imposing; his hair was suffered to grow to an immense length, reaching his loins, and tied by a red riband; he also wore mustaches and enormous whiskers. A high conical or sugar-loaf hat, trimmed with ribands of various colours, and here and there a small print of the Madonna, and other saints, composed his head-dress. A velvet jacket, decorated with various metal crosses, red waistcoat with large silver buttons, short breeches, and a kind of half-gaiter braced up at the side. As is usual with all banditti, he wore the broad red sash; and silver buckles, of at least a pound weight, ornamented his shoes and knees. This dress, however, he has been obliged latterly to lay aside. The government have likewise cut off his hair, and compelled him to shave, at least, once a week; so that at present he has lost all that imposing appearance for which he was so remarkable. He is without irons, but confined in a cell about nine or ten feet square, with two sentinels at the door. When his provisions are carried him, or that the governor of the fort, or his confessor, appear, he is obliged to lay on his back on his mattress, and neither allowed to move hand nor foot without the danger of being shot by the sentinel, who is placed over him with a loaded carbine, to prevent his moving. He is, however, allowed an hour's walk in the morning, in a gallery which communicates with his cell. As he can neither read nor write, his only pastime is smoking. His brother, who assisted him in his depredations, is confined in the same fort, but is allowed rather more liberty. His appearance is very different from that of his brother: his height is about six feet three inches, and well proportioned. Jacovacci, the lieutenant of Gasparoni, together with seventy or eighty of those who composed part of his band, and who surrendered themselves after the capture of their leader, are likewise imprisoned at Civitâ Vecchia. The major part of them are mere lads, of from fifteen to twenty, now much emaciated by their long and close confinement; and many of them have, within the last two or three years dropped off.

Antonio Gasparoni, the subject of these memoirs (accused of 143 murders, besides rapes, and who confesses 105), was born at Sonnino, in the year 1796. His father was a drover of cattle, which employment the son followed till the year 1812. The first crime of this strange being was the murder, when only 16 years of age, of his parish priest, for refusing him absolution (after confessing some petty theft) without restoring the property stolen. He immediately fled to the mountains; and a large premium being offered for his apprehension, he joined a few banditti who infested the neighbourhood, and set the government at defiance. At eighteen years of age, after a skirmish with the police, in which engagement he succeeded in killing and wounding about twenty, he was elected chief of the band, when he turned all his attention to the strengthening of his party; and from the terror his name had occasioned in the vicinity, and the great advantages held out to this lawless mode of life, he succeeded in increasing their number to nearly two hundred. Their knowledge of the passes in the forests and mountains rendered it utterly impossible for any force to suppress them. Amongst their most daring exploits, prior to their being so numerous a body, may be mentioned, the storming of a convent of nuns, at Mount Comodo, in the middle of the day, and carrying off thirty-four young girls, who were there for education, and whom he selected from the others, having previously obtained information that their parents were in circumstances to pay a heavy ransom. They were kept ten, and some even twenty days in the mountains, where (to his credit be it spoken) every attention and respect the situation and their safe keeping warranted was paid them. The ransom demanded for each varied from 200 to 1,000 dollars; and for which he had the courage, such was the terror his name had acquired, to treat in person; no one dared arrest him, from fear of the consequences. What is most extraordinary in the life of this miscreant, is his strict attention to the outward forms of his religion. It has been already mentioned his person was nearly covered with crosses and images of saints. He (as well as most of his companions) attended regularly on the festivals; never once committed (as he has often confessed to my friend) either murder or robbery on a Friday; and always on this, as well as other vigils, observed a strict fast. A priest was compelled to confess them once a month

(who, of course, from terror, gave them immediate *absolution*), and one of this order was at last the means of bringing them to justice, and destroying the band. On returning once to the mountains, after a severe encounter with the gendarmerie, in which he had been worsted, and one of his best men killed, he found a bishop and friar, who had been taken the day before, and awaited his return to name their ransom. Irritated by the loss he had sustained, they were immediately ordered before him, when he declared to the bishop, that the only means of preserving his life was on his knees to deny the existence of the Saviour. The bishop, seeing no means of escaping death, complied; on which Gasparoni observed, "Wretch! thou art unworthy to live!" and instantly stabbed him to the heart. The friar was next applied to, who, seeing the murder of the bishop, and hoping to avoid his fate, peremptorily refused to deny his Saviour. The bandit's reply was short: "Thou wilt be an acquisition to heaven, and may save thy bishop's soul from purgatory: this world is too corrupt for thee;" and presenting his carbine, shot him dead at his feet.

Select Biography

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

The recent death of this distinguished painter is a subject of national sympathy and universal regret; for it may be truly said of Sir Thomas Lawrence, that "he addressed his works to the people of every country." Independently of his genius, he was as good a man in society as he was a great one in Art: a circumstance which forcibly reminds us of an observation of Jonathan Richardson— "The way to be an excellent painter is to be an excellent man; and these united, make a character that would shine even in a better world than this."

Of materials for the biographer of Sir Thomas Lawrence, but very scanty ones have hitherto been furnished to the public. He was a native of Bath, and is said to have given early indications of genius, both as a poet and painter.* At

the age of eight years he was in the habit of contributing *moreaux* to the Magazines (then the fosterers of precocious talent); and many of his pieces may be found in the "European" and "Ladies' Magazines," from 1780 to 1787. Although not without some merit as a poet, he soon relinquished the pen for the pencil. It is said, however, that when his professional labours permitted, he was occasionally in the habit of offering at Apollo's shrine; and several of his pieces are extant, in which true poetical feeling is displayed.†

When very young, Mr. Lawrence removed to London, where he first painted heads, at the price of half a guinea each. In early life he was also involved in great difficulties; and many remember his painting portraits for three guineas each, even when he lived in Soho-square.

The first productions by which he distinguished himself were the portraits of the Kemble family, of whose popularity he, in consequence, enjoyed a share. The grace and elegance of his female portraits were even then remarkable; and his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, having seen the paintings by Mr. Lawrence of several ladies whom he knew, was struck with the beautiful fidelity of the likenesses, and gave the artist some commissions. This at once stamped his reputation, and laid the foundation of his fortune. In a short time, no exhibition was considered complete or interesting without some of his pictures, and he began to obtain the most liberal prices. Mr. Lawrence's gentlemanly manners and courteous address likewise raised him to a share of the personal esteem of the Prince of Wales; and he continued to receive frequent marks of the royal favour, until his elevation to the chair of the Academy, vacant by the death of Mr. West, crowned him with the highest honours of art. At this time he also received the honour of knighthood.

which had generally much freedom and grace, if the subject permitted. He is likewise an excellent reader of blank verse, and will immediately convince any one that he both understands and feels the striking passages of Milton or Shakespeare."

* Dryden has an observation which may be applicable here: he says, "on a serious consideration of the matter, it will be found that the art of painting has a wonderful affinity with that of poetry, and that there is betwixt them a certain common imagination. For, as the poets introduce the gods and heroes, and all those things which are either majestic, honest, or delightful, in like manner the painters, by the virtue of their outlines, colours, lights and shadows, represent the same things and persons in their pictures."

† Of his precocious talent the Hon. Daines Barrington relates the following in his *Miscellanies*:—"This boy is now (viz. February, 1780,) nearly ten years and a half old; but at the age of nine, without the most distant instruction from any one, he was capable of copying historical pictures in a masterly style, and also succeeded amazingly in compositions of his own, particularly that of *Peter denying Christ*. In about seven minutes he scarcely ever failed of drawing a strong likeness of any person present,

After the visit of the foreign sovereigns to England in 1814, he received a commission to paint their portraits, and those of other continental monarchs. He subsequently visited several European capitals for this purpose, to the obvious increase of his fame and fortune; and up to the period of his death, the number and rank of his sitters was a perpetual homage of genius, talent, and wealth, to his transcendent skill as a painter.

The circumstances of the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence were peculiarly afflicting. He expired at his house in Russell Square, on Thursday night, (January 7,) a little before ten o'clock. On the Saturday previous he was in such perfect health, that he dined with a distinguished party, at Mr. Peel's, where he became suddenly, but not alarmingly indisposed. Inflammatory symptoms appearing, however, he was bled; and this operation produced so good an effect, that he continued painting as usual till Wednesday. On the morning of that day he was at the Athenaeum Club House, and at Messrs. Coutts, the bankers; and the subject of conversation now remembered was that of an exquisitely written letter of condolence sent by him to one of the partners, on the decease of his daughter. On reaching home in the afternoon, inflammation returned; but not with such violence as to excite any apprehension of immediate danger. Mrs. Ottley, the wife of the distinguished writer on the Fine Arts, and a part of her young family, spent the evening with Sir Thomas, when he appeared cheerful. After their departure he became worse; two physicians, Dr. Holland and Sir Henry Halford were sent for; they put him to bed, and administered medicines, and Dr. Holland sat up all night with his patient. He continued in pain the whole of the next day, but not so much as is generally the case in disorders of the bowels; and towards evening he received two old friends, one of whom read to him, at his own request, some account of Flaxman, the sculptor, in a periodical work.* He also talked upon serious subjects to a lady, a relative, who was staying with him; but he did not seem conscious of his danger, nor was there any appearance of approaching dissolution, for the lady had left the room but a short time, leaving his confidential servant with his master. She was alarmed by a shriek from the man, and on entering saw Sir Thomas dead in the arms of his servant. So sudden

was his decease, that he had only time to exclaim to the valet "I am dying."

Sir Thomas was in his fifty-ninth year, and had never been married. He leaves behind him a sister, a brother, and two nieces. None of his near relatives were in town. Several eminent sculptors applied for permission to take a cast of his features; but Mr. Baily, R. A. who was a personal friend of the deceased, alone was allowed the mournful satisfaction of perpetuating the last impression of the features of departed genius.

For the last thirty years Sir Thomas enjoyed the highest reputation as a portrait painter: by many he was regarded as the English Vandyke. "Since Sir Joshua Reynolds," observes a contemporary, "and in all probability from the similarity of their practice, no English portrait painter ever acquired the same celebrity. Though no servile copyist of his great prototype, he may be said to have borrowed his manner, and, like him, to have heightened all that was good, and kept in due subordination all that was unfavourable in the physiognomy of his sitters. By these means he acquired reputation, and pursuing them, kept it. It is said of him that he invited his sitters to partake of the hospitalities of his table, and took the opportunity most favourable for his purpose of 'stealing' from them, *not* their good name, but their *good looks*, which he had the happiest manner of transferring to canvas." "The characteristics of his style," observes an ingenious writer in the *Spectator*, "were brilliancy of colour, and a delicate mode of conveying a faithful resemblance, with an elegant contour. This conception of beauty and grace was combined with a strong sense of individuality of character; and the eye of the master was obeyed by the hand of taste, accomplished in all the refinements of art that practised skill could render available. His female portraits, for womanly *sweetness*, and the charm of natural beauty and loveliness, heightened by grace and elegance, were unapproached by any living artist; and they surpassed in richness of colour, fleshiness, and accurate representation of nature, even the female portraits of Vandyke himself. He has left a name immortalized by his works."

Sir Thomas Lawrence was engaged on many interesting works at the period of his demise: among others, a splendid portrait of the King in his robes, which he worked upon the Wednesday preceding his death: fine portrait of Sir George Murray, M.P. for the county of

Perth, is likewise named among his unfinished works. He had touched no drawing since a beautiful lithograph of Miss Fanny Kemble, by Mr. Lane—a slight but sweet sketch. In the progress of this portrait he took exceeding interest, probably from a grateful association of his early fame with the highly-gifted family of the Kembles. Mr. Lane worked at this sketch for several days, at Sir Thomas's house, and under his eye. Sir Thomas added frequent touches, and was delighted with the process. This beautiful print may therefore be considered as affording a specimen of the touch of the master-hand upon a material hitherto strange to him. Had he lived, the world would, in all probability, have been delighted with the appearance of a drawing on stone entirely of his own production. As it is, the present print will become additionally valuable from this circumstance.

Sir Thomas Lawrence is said to have realized upwards of 10,000*l.* per annum, for several years past, by his profession. He was a fosterer of rising talent, where he approved of its direction in a young artist: as a friend, too, he was generous and munificent.

In stature, Sir Thomas was of the middle size; his appearance was extremely graceful and gentlemanlike; his manners full of suavity, and his countenance pleasing and handsome. When young, he was an accomplished fencer and dancer, and recited with expressive elegance. There was a striking resemblance to Mr. Canning, though not of so elevated an expression or character.—On public occasions, he was an elegant speaker; and, indeed, whether as an accomplished member of society, or an eminent artist, we can rarely hope to see so many exquisite qualities united in one individual to place him at the head of the Fine Arts of England. Who will succeed him in the Presidentship, it is impossible to anticipate, although many are already spoken of by their respective friends.

Of Sir Thomas Lawrence we know of no engraved portrait, except the small one in the "Percy Anecdotes;" nor of any picture, except one from his own palette, which he was occasionally persuaded to show, but with great diffidence, to his friends, from its concealment beneath his side-board.*

Sir Thomas's collection is of the most magnificent description: his drawings, etchings, prints, pictures of the ancient masters, as well as his choice specimens

of modern schools, are rare, numerous, and of the highest value.

Since the previous sketch has been in type, the following interesting anecdotal recollections of this excellent man have appeared in the *Times* journal:—

The first is of a living artist, whose name, from delicacy, we suppress; this artist, being a man of considerable merit and without patronage, had submitted three of his pictures to Sir Thomas's inspection. He called one evening at Sir Thomas's house, anxious to gain his approbation, and at the same time, to take them away. He sent up his name to the President, who followed the servant down stairs, put a paper, folded up, into the hand of the artist, saying, "I had left this. should you have called whilst I was from home. I much admire your productions, and wish you every success." The artist had only patience to get to the first lamp, when he was anxious to know what the paper contained; he unfolded it, and found within it a £30. note, which saved him from despair.

Mrs. or Madame M., the widow of a highly endowed engraver, being in great distress, was advised to apply to Sir Thomas for his recommendation to the Artists' Benevolent Fund. On her interview the President candidly told her he could be of no service to her that year, as he had given away all his recommendations; "but," says he, "accept this in the mean time (placing a £5. note in her hand,) and I think I can serve you with the council and body of Academicians." From that respectable body Sir Thomas obtained for Mrs. M. no less than £50. !

While the too notorious Thurtell lay in prison for trial, Sir Thomas expressed a wish that he might be allowed without observation to take a glance of the atrocious villain, as he took his exercise in the prison yard. This modest request was not only refused him, but was afterwards represented as an application to take a cast of the wretch's face before he was even tried, and information to this effect being actually conveyed to the reporters of several journals, who were present at Hertford for the purpose of making observations on so notorious a criminal, the statement unfortunately appeared in this and other morning publications. It was in a paper now extinct, that the kind-hearted President saw the gross impeachment of his humanity one morning, when he was going to paint that admirable portrait of the King, in

which his Majesty is represented in a blue dress, seated on a sofa, with his arm carelessly thrown over the end. Sir Thomas was so affected, that he could hardly proceed with his work. The King observed his distress, and listened to the cause of it.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MISTAKES OF FOOLEE FUM FOOLA,

During his residence in England.

We quote another portion of these humorous "Mistakes," from an ingenious and pleasant contemporary, presuming that we shall not add to them in calculating on the reader's gratification:—

"Missionary tell Chinese go to big fire of torment for hab too many God English hab only one Deity himself—make great many religion out of dat. Quarrel much for who most wrong ; all proclaim him own most right. Hab two book of holy law. Old holy book full of much ceremony ; t'other holy book, call him New Law, not full of no ceremony. New Law make happy for every body—make love every body—black man and white man, poor man and rich man, all call him brother. Great Holy Founder all powerful—all merciful—all just. Good people him own disciple, call him beautiful name, call him Comforter! Precept more good as Zoroaster. Moral duty very plain. Learned men for all that write ten thousand book for make difficult. Holy Founder very meek—very poor. Priesthood very rich—sometime very proud—sometime keep fine table—make grand dinner—sometime very skilful cook.

"Great many religious opinion—call him sect. One call him Presbyterian, another call him Methodist, another call him Unitarian, Baptist, and great many other *ist* and *arians*. Some preach long while, three time for one day. Sometime more make long preach—more make congregation look more sad. All sect call himself miserable sinner. Very much affronted t'other sect call him so.

"One other sect not like t'other sect, cause do as he like. Call him Friend—call him Quaker. Brag himself very humble—think him very proud ; brag himself very meek—think him very obstinate ; not take off broad-brim hat before King George, though every body say King George most polite prince in all the world. Every body let Quaker

man do as he like ; Quaker woman do the same. Quaker call nobody *sir*—call nobody *madam*. Quaker man never make *bow* ; Quaker woman never make *curtesy*. Go to court of law, every body make evidence of awful oath in name of God. Quaker not make oath at all—severe judge in big wig take Quaker man's word without. Quaker not make for go soldier—Quaker not make for go sailor—not make fight for nobody. Believe Quaker sometime sell gunpowder.

"Quaker man never go play-house ; never buy fine picture ; never go to ball ; never make laugh. Alway walk slow—alway look grave ; never wear rich costume. Comical wit, call him Rowland Hill, one day observe—'What if every body become Quaker ?—soon hab sad drab-colour world !'

"All other preaching-house only man talk, though sometime believe talk, too much. Quaker man, because he not do like t'other man, make woman preach. Quaker woman, because she not do like t'other woman, get up in pulpit, keep her mouth shut sometime three hour, sometime four hour, and not speak at all !

"Education for young gentleman of *old family* too much comical, not understand for why. All send him to Westminster, to Eton, then to t'other place, two University, for finish ; call him *Oxfoot*, call him *Cambric*, where thousand priest live in fine palace. All preceptor holy priest—not teach him scholar even holy religion not yet. Make know all heathen god first.

"When young gentleman done with heathen god, make teach him Christian (own religion) how for become chaste, how for become virtuous—sometime, believe too late for that. University call him *Oxfoot*, t'other University call him *Cambric*, well for make good soldier, well for make good sailor, well for make sometime very bad lawyer ; not so well for make good Christian !

"Same with religion—same with language. Holy preceptor know not what for why make young gentleman scholar learn heathen tongue first—call him dead language, cause not speak for more as two thousand year. When done with make speak dead man's tongue like nobody, then try teach youth for speak him own English like every body.

"Little lady-miss belong to great family taught for better. Make miss speak one, two, three, living language, what for because when gentle tongue too much fatigue talk one, pretty lips, take up another for make delight every body. Good governess take much care

for *edicate* mind of pretty miss—much care for speak good English—much care for write good grammar. Miss sometime much more wise as brother come from *Oxford*, come from *Cambridge*. Great booby not know how for write him own love-letter—young lady sister write for him great tall booby brother.

“ Young lady all the while read holy book, great care for form the mind. Take sixteen, sometime eighteen year for make English young lady almost angel. After that, very much great pity—nlas! Leave home for make show herself. *Come out* at rackett place, call him Almack, call him court, call him life. Not better for this! Foolish lady mamma, too soon proud for see innocent miss point the toe, quadrille with dandy lancer—half monkey—t’other half whisker. Soldier lancer-man look fierce as Saracen-man—all the while lisp like little baby!

“ Innocent young lady, hot as fever, take cold ice, dance all night; lancer-man turn head of pretty miss quite giddy. Monkey partner make improper husband for virtuous young lady. Sometime make young wife more bad as dandy lancer himself; then elope with t’other man, monkey dragoon. New lover monkey dragoon shoot husband monkey lancer through the head. Story make fine new novel—full for fashion, full for sentiment; not so much full for moral; good for make rich—man call him publisher—call him *****.”—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC BUTCHER.
(From “*The Pawnbroker’s Daughter*,” a Farce,
by C. Lamb.)

A WEPPING Londoner I am
A washerwoman was my dam;
She bred me up in a cock loft,
And fed my mind with sorrows soft:
For when she wrung with elbows stont
From linen wet, the water out.—
The drops so like to tears did drip,
They gave my infant nerves the hyp.
Scarce three clean muckingers a week
Would dry the brine, that dew’d my check;
So, while I gave my sorrows scope,
I almost ruin’d her in soap.
My parish learning I did win
In Ward of Farringdon-within;
Where, after school, I did pursue
My sports, as little boys will do.
Cockchafer—none like me was found
To set them spinning round and round.
O, how my tender heart would melt,
To think what those poor varmin felt!
I never tied tin-kettle, clog,
Or salt-box to the tail of dog,
Without a pang more keen at heart,
Than he felt at his outward part.
And when the poor thing clattered off,
To all the unfeeling mob a scoff,
Thought I, “ What that dumb creature feels,
With half the parish at his heels!”

Arrived, you see, to man’s estate,
The butcher’s calling is my fate;
Yet still I keep my feeling ways,
And leave the town on slaughtering days.

At Kentish Town, or Highgate Hill,
I sit, retired, beside some rill;
And tears bedew my glistening eye,
To think my playful lamb must die!

But when they’re dead I sell their meat,
On shambles kept both clean and neat;
Sweet-breads also I guard full well;
And keep them from the blue-bottle.

Envy, with breath sharp as my steel,
Has ne’er yet blown upon my veal;
And mouths of demes, and daintiest tops,
Do water at my nice lamb-chops.

Blackwood’s Magazine. *

The Selector; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

SATAN, A POEM.

MR. MONTGOMERY’s admirers will doubtless derive considerable gratification from this new specimen of his genius. To say that our satisfaction in its perusal has been unmixed, would be untrue; yet the subject which the poet has chosen is so “vasty” and overwhelming, that none but a man of genius could have wrought up so many beautiful poetical pictures as we have found in our first progress. Indeed, we consider the whole book as a work of untrammelled imagination, with much of fire of poetry—and that too of the poetry of thought. Our first extract will illustrate this point.

An Epic, in three books of nearly 400 pages, would be altogether a “big book” for anything like a critical analysis, even were we disposed as courteous critics, and with the youth and talent of the writer we could not be otherwise. It is not important to state the plan of the Poem, further than to say it is a Journey of Satan through the world, and a denunciation of its vices. Some of the passages are full of Satanic ire; but we have purposely avoided them in our extracts, and almost confined ourselves to the *duce* of the poem. Our first is in a tone of metaphysical reflection, which would alone stamp the writer as a man of extraordinary genius:

To the vast silence of the primeval gloom
On wings of Mystery may Spirit roam,
And meditate on wordless things, whence comes
A glorious panting for a purer state—
True sadness in the soul of holy joy;
And such feel they, who fashion brighter worlds;
But martyrs to diseased thought abond,
Who out of earthly elements have sought
To reap a happiness, whose home is heaven,
And failing, sunk to profitless despair.
Thus Learning, Luxury, and Fame, these three
Vain phantoms, what a worship have they won!
The first shallow excellence the next,

A malady of brutish growth, debased
And most debasing, turn'g soul to sense,
Till Nature seems unspirit'd; the last,
Magnificent betrayer! while afar
Beheld, the crown of heaven itself is thine ;
When won, oft unwillingly enjoyed.
Oh ! many an eye, that in the glow of youth
Hath brighten'd as it gazed on pictured worth,
Or illus'ry in the lone and princely fane
Where tombs have tongues, by monumental
piles,
Where great inheritors of glory sleep, —
Hath wept the laurels that it once adored !

The atmosphere that circlethe gift'd minds
Is from a deep intensity derived, —
An element of thought, where feelings shape
Themselves to fancies, — an electric world,
Too exquisitely toned for common life,
Which they of coarser metal cannot dream :
And hence, those beautifying powers of soul
That arch the heavens more glorious, and create
An Ed'n whereso'er their magic light
Upon the rack of quick excitement lives ;
Their joy, the essence of an agony,
And that, the throbbing of the fires within !

And thus, while Fame's heart-echoing clarions
ring
For glory, all the rapture of renown
In one vile whisper may lie hush'd and dead ;
Made mighty by its littleness, a word
Of envy drowns the thunder which delight
Hath voiced ; as oft the phantom of a cloud
In ingle darkness cowering on the air
Looks fiercer for the frownless heaven around !
So Fame is murder'd, that the dull may live,
Or to herself grows false ; then hideous dreams,
And tomb-like shadows, thicken round the mind,
Till, plunging into dread infinity,
It rides upon the billows which Despair
Hath lash'd from out the stormy gloom of
thought !
Dark victim, thus so ruinously famed,
What mis'ry in the smile of happiness !
Beneath the mountain of thy vast renown
There blooms a Mortal, unendow'd by aught
That Learning, Luxury, or Fame can yield,
And yet, a Croesus in his store of joy
Compared with thine, — the man whom Earth
Enslaves not, on whose soul the truth hath
smiled !

Our next is a gorgeous picture of

SUNSET.

Lo ! the day declines, and to his throne
The sun is wheeling. What a world of pomp
The heavens put on in homage to his power !
Romance hath never hung a richer sky,
Or sea of sunshine, o'er whose aureate deep
Triumphal barks of beauteous foam career,
As though the clouds held festival, to hail
Their god of glory to his western home.
And now the earth is mirror'd on the skies !
While lakes and valleys, drownd in dewy light,
And rich delusions, dazzlingly array'd,
Form, float, and die in all their phantom joy.
At length the sun is throned ; but from his face
A flush of beauty o'er Creation flows,
That brightens into rapturous farewell !
Then faints to paleness ; for the day hath sunk
Beneath the waters, dash'd with ruby dyes,
And Twilight in her nun-like meekness comes ;
The air is fragrant with the soul of flowers,
The breeze comes panting like a child at play,
While birds, day-worn, are couch'd in leafy
bowers,
And, calm as clouds, the sunken billows sleep :
The dimness of a dream o'er Nature steals,
Yet hallows it ; the hush'd enchantment reigns ;
The mountains to a mass of mellowing shade
Are turn'd, and stand like temples of the night ;
While field and forest, fading into gloom,
Depart, and rivers whisper sounds of fear, —
A dying pause, as if th' Almighty moved
In shadow o'er his works, hath solemnized
The world !

Further on, as a contrast to some powerful portraits of bad passion is the following miniature of

LOVE.

Yet Hell cannot deny, on earth there glows
A spirit scarcely weaken'd by the Fall, —
The soul of feeling, and the sun of life,
Queen of the Passions, all persuasive Love ! —
And could I mingle with the bliss of man,
I'd share it in the sweetness of her smiles.

Ethereal essence, interfused through life,
Is love. In orbs of glory spirits live
On such perfection ; and on earth it feeds
And quickens all things with a soul-like ray :
The beautiful in its most beauteous sense ;
And symbolized by Nature in her play
Of harmonies, her forms, her hues, and sounds
In each connexion, aptitude and grace
Beside. Thus flow'r's in their infantile bloom
Of sympathy, the boughs of trees, and boughs,
The chime of waters, and carous of winds, —
Betoken that they all partake a sense
Of that sweet principle, that charms the world
Th' omnipotence of this pervading power,
By aught of time or destiny opposed,
Like God himself may grow consuming fire,
Which I can freshen with infernal joy !
Oh, many, gentl as their tide of years,
While o'er them dances Love's screening ray, —
When disappointment clouds them, woe despair,
And riot onward through a wild'ring course,
Untemper'd and untam'd ; so flows the stream,
That ever nurseth its delicious calm,
Till wrung by nature into torrent force,
And foaming reckless through the wild !

And thou,
The star of home, who in thy gentleness
On the harsh nature of usurping man
Benign enchantment canst so deeply smile, —
Soft as a dew-fall from the brow of eve,
Or moonlight shedding beauty on the storm, —
Woman ! when love has wreck'd thy trusting
heart,
What port remains to shelter thee ! — too fond,
Too delicately true, thy nature is,
Save for the heart's idolatry ; and then,
Thy love is oft a light to virtue's path.
It dawns, — and with'ring passions die away,
Low raptures fade, pure feelings blossom forth,
And that which Wisdom's philosophic beam
Could never from the wintry heart awake,
By love is smiled into celestial birth !
Thus love is Wisdom with a sweeter name.

Towards the close of the third book
we are gratified with a most harmonious
embodiment, (if we may use the term,) of
Music ; but this stands over for our
next.

Our selections will, we hope, lead
the reader to look into the work for
further beauties. There is much of the
soul or essence of poetry, and less of the
eau sucree than in many modern
poems. Some of the Devil's apostrophes
are extremely powerful ; but their introduction reminds us of an odd
speech in a tragedy by Coleridge, where a courier seriously tells another
that the king will "play the very devil
with him."

We intend to give some further no-
ttings ; and conclude for the present by
recommending Mr. Montgomery's poem
as a much more welcome companion
than its title might lead one to expect ;

indeed, when once you take it up, the difficulty is how to lay it down.

STORY PLAY.

(From "Letters from Bertha to her Uncle in England.")

"WE amused ourselves part of yesterday evening with a *story play*, which I had never heard of before. You are to whisper a *word*, which must be a substantive, to the person who begins the play, and who is to tell a short story or anecdote, into which that word is to be frequently introduced. It requires some ingenuity to relate the story in so natural a manner, that the word shall not be too evident, and yet that it may be sufficiently marked. When the story is finished, each of the party endeavours to guess the word, and the person who discovers it tells the next story. I will give you a sample.

"It was decided that my aunt should begin; Frederick whispered the word; and she began so naturally about a visit from Mr. Arthur Maude, who has just returned from Italy, that, at first, I thought she was not going to join in the play.

"'Mr. Maude tells me,' continued my aunt, 'that he has been greatly interested by the Vaudois, and well repaid, by seeing those amiable people, for the fatigues of making that part of his tour on foot.'

"'In a beautiful valley between Pignerol and La Tour, he observed a small open arch, under a group of oak trees, that stood on a round green knoll. He afterwards learned, that this arch had been erected about the time that the poor Vaudois had been obliged to quit their native hills, under the brave and pious Arnaud. It was ornamented with figures of saints, and had such an uncommon appearance among those wild valleys, that he sat down to make a sketch, not only of the arch, but of the picturesque scene which surrounded it. Twice he began, and twice he was interrupted by sounds of distress, which seemed to come from within the arch. On approaching it he found a young creature, about fifteen, seated under the shade of the arch, and plying her distaff diligently while the tears fell from her eyes. In reply to his inquiries as to the cause of her grief, she timidly told him that her poor old father had been so ill that he could earn nothing for many weeks; and having already been reduced to sell every thing but his house, he was totally unable to pay one of the heavy taxes which was now demanded from

him. She had, therefore, been spinning—spinning for ever with her distaff, but all in vain; her yarn was not ready, they must pay the tax without delay, and to do so she must part with the only treasure she possessed. That was the cause of her sorrow; and she had retired to that little arch to avoid the sun, and to conceal her tears from her father.

"'For that one thing I can get money enough (said she), but how can I part with it! It was once the bible of Henri Arnaud; my grandmother gave it to me, saying, "Never, never part with this precious book, Janetta." But what can I do!—and her tears burst out afresh. 'I must sell Henri Arnaud's bible, or my father will have no house to shelter him!'

"'Mr. Maude asked her to guide him to her father's cottage. She took him by a winding path which led from the arch, to a very poor little chalet, overhung by chestnut-trees. The old man was seated on a bench at his door; and Mr. Maude, placing himself at his side, and entering into conversation, observed how much his pale countenance brightened at the interest with which a stranger listened to his anecdotes of Henri Arnaud. Mr. Maude indulged himself by giving a small sum, which was sufficient to pay the tax. And having thus enabled the little Janetta to keep her valued bible, he returned, I am sure, with a happy mind, to finish his sketch of the picturesque arch.'

The following brief story, by Caroline, is likewise an illustration:—

"'Three young children were coming down the Mississippi, with their father, in a sort of a boat, which they call there a pirogue. They landed on a desert island in that wide river, in a bitter snowy evening in the month of December. Their father left them on the island, promising to return after he had procured some brandy at a house on the opposite bank. He pushed off in his little boat to cross the river; but the wind was high, and the water rough. The children watched him with tears in their eyes, struggling in his pirogue against the stream, till about half way across, when they saw the boat sink, and never more saw their father. Poor children! they were left alone, exposed to the storm, without fire, shelter, or even food, except a little corn.'

"'As the night came on, the snow fell faster; and the eldest, who was a girl of only six years old, but very sensible and steady for her age, made her little sister and her infant brother creep together close to her, and she drew

their bare feet under her clothes. She had collected a few withered leaves and branches to cover them, and in this manner they passed the long winter's night. Next morning she tried to support her poor weeping companions by giving them corn to chew, and sometimes she made them run about with her to keep themselves warm.

" 'In this melancholy state you may imagine what was her joy, when, in the course of the day, she discovered a vessel—no, a boat—approaching the island. It happily contained some good-natured Indians, who took compassion on the children, shared their food with them, and safely conveyed them to New Madrid in their own boat.'

"The mistake that poor Caroline made in saying vessel for boat, and then correcting herself with a little confusion, betrayed her; so that the moment she ended her story, every one exclaimed—'Boat, boat!'"

HISTORY OF MARITIME AND INLAND DISCOVERY.

[SUCH is the title of the second volume of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. It contains the Geography of the Ancients and of the Middle Ages—to the Discovery of America, by Columbus—of which event there is an exquisite vignette in the title-page. The Progress of Discovery and Civilization, as might be expected, teems with interesting incidents; and this volume, in extractable matter, even rivals its predecessor. Our examples for the present are but few, especially as a portion of the present sheet is somewhat similarly occupied.]

Gipsies.

It is impossible to view in conjunction the names of Sindi and Sigyna without recalling to mind that extraordinary people, who, under the two general denominations of *Sints* and *Zigani*, (the former used in Lithuania, the other in Poland, and with slight variations in all the neighbouring countries), constitute so numerous a body in the eastern states of Europe. The Gipsies, in short, whose derivation from Western India is now no longer disputed, and whose language, corrupted as it is, and alloyed with foreign admixture, would still be not wholly unintelligible in some provinces of Hindostan. The Persians also name them *Sisech Hindoo*, or Black Indians. It is impossible, indeed, to connect this people, historically, with the ancient Indian colony of the Maeotis. Their own traditions (which are indeed of little value), and the late date

of their appearance in Europe, are both repugnant to such an affiliation. But while mystery still enwraps the problem of their origin, it is allowable to canvass every means of its solution. It may, however, be affirmed with confidence, that the *Indian* merchants who were shipwrecked in the Baltic, and presented by the king of the Suevi to Q. Met. Celer, the proconsul of Gaul, were not carried round from India to the north of Europe by the ocean, as the ancients imagined, but were voyagers from the Maeotian colony.

Whether the *Sinds* or Indians of the Bosphorus ever advanced southwards along the Euxine is a question impossible to determine. There were *Sints* and a *Sintic* region in Macedonia, and *Sintian* men, speaking a strange language, who inhabited Lemnos in the time of Homer. But, except their addiction to the labours of the smithy (for Lemnos was sacred to Vulcan), there is not any positive indication remaining by which they can be connected with the *Sints* of Lithuania. But in examining round the shores of the Euxine those most durable and veracious monuments of ancient history, the remnants of language preserved in local names, the *Phasis*, or as it is at present called, the *Fush*, must necessarily arrest the attention. This river, famous for its connexion with Grecian fable and traditional golden sands, flowed through the country of the *Colchi*. The word *Phasis*, signifying a river, and the name *Colchi*, are both properly of Indian origin, and stand at no great distance from each other in Ptolemy's map of India. When a Greek poet describes the Colchian Phasis as mixing its waters with the Tanais, it is evident at once that the Hypanis or some other river in that quarter may have been also called *Phasis* by the *Sints* of the Maeotis, so that we here again detect the grand source of geographical errors, the employment of general terms. The Colchians were supposed by the Greeks to be a colony of Egyptians. They practised rites, and possessed arts, which, unavoidably, led a people unacquainted with the interior of Asia to arrive at that conclusion. Their dark complexion, also, which is noticed by Pindar, seemed to lend confirmation to the popular belief. But though the fiction of a colony planted by Sesostris on the shores of the Euxine was readily countenanced by the Egyptian priests, it is contradicted by traditions of equivalent authority. The religion of the Colchians, besides, does not seem to have been Egyptian. Their

superiority above the Greeks in civilization in the time of the Argonauts and the poetic age is evinced by the reputation they enjoyed as magicians. In the manufacture of fine linen they far surpassed the Egyptians ; and we know that from them the Greeks derived their names of linen cloths in commerce *Sardianos* and *Sindons*.

That a colony of Hindoos (of profigate manners, and, perhaps, ignoble caste), was settled on the Cimmerian Bosphorus in the age of Herodotus, appears incontestably established ; when, or how, they were dispersed, it is not so easy to conjecture. That the Gipsies are descended from them is a conclusion resting wholly on naked probabilities. But whence have these wandering outcasts the tradition that they have come from Egypt ? Is it not possible that the ancient Colchians, who, there is good reason to believe, were themselves from the west of India, assented at length to the general opinion of antiquity respecting their Egyptian origin, and when driven, perhaps, from their ancient possessions by the Iberian tribes, spread abroad among their swarthy brethren of the North the same erroneous belief ?

Ancient Britain.

The expedition of Julius Caesar had made known only the extremity of Britain. Under the emperor Claudius that island was effectually subdued by the legions which, at first, reluctantly permitted themselves to be led to what they designated *a new world*. Thirty years later, Pliny was acquainted with the *Ebudes*, or western isles of Scotland, and even with the names of several of the group. At length Agricola extended the Roman conquests to the Grampian Hills, and a fleet, by his orders, sailed northwards, to discover how far the land extended in that direction. "This fleet," says Tacitus, "first ascertained that Britain is an island ; it discovered also and subjected the *Orkades*, a cluster of islands not known before, and saw *Thule*, hitherto concealed by snow and winter." The Romans regarded Britain as we do New Holland ; its remoteness, its immense size, so far exceeding that of any island with which they were distinctly acquainted, and the great ocean which washed its shores, forcibly struck their imaginations. They had, however, a very inaccurate idea of its geographical position. Tacitus, the son-in-law of Agricola, describes it as having Germany on the east, Gaul on the south, and Spain on the west. Ireland is placed

ed, by the same writer, midway between Spain and Britain. Agricola was preparing to invade that island, which some of the natives assured him might be effectually subdued with a single legion, when the jealousy of Domitian arrested his operations, and Ireland was unfortunately rescued from the civilizing yoke of Roman dominion.

When Julius Cæsar first visited Britain, he found the maritime provinces possessed by a people of Germanic race, whom he supposed, and, perhaps, not without reason, to be Belgians. The population was remarkably dense ; the dwellings of the people were strewed thickly over the face of the country, and cattle were abundant. Merchants in numbers visited the island ; but so great in those days was insular jealousy in Britain, that strangers durst not venture thither who had not evidently the excuse of traffic. The Gauls, it appears, had but little acquaintance with the island ; whence it may be concluded that the merchants were chiefly of the Belgian or German race. To the inaccuracy of reports, in the dictation of which the superstition of the Gauls may have had some share, ought, perhaps, to be attributed the error of Cæsar in describing Great Britain as an island of a triangular form. Tacitus remarked the close resemblance that existed between the dialect of the Estiones on the shore of the Baltic and that of the British islanders. The Caledonians also were known to be of German descent, by their great size, their florid complexions, and keen grey eyes. The same vigilant observer remarked, that the inhabitants of the south-western angle of the island (the *Silures*) had dark, astut visages, with curled hair ; but instead of concluding that the emigration of a stronger race from the East had forced the prior inhabitants of the island into the recesses of its western mountains, he adopted the weak hypothesis, so often repeated since by modern writers upon Ireland, of a colony direct from Spain.

From Tacitus also we learn that merchants frequented the ports of Ireland, the superiority of which was already known. But with whom did the merchants carry on a trade ? Was the Celtic population sufficiently civilized to feel the wants and benefits of commerce ? This is hardly credible ; but when the historian proceeds to observe that Hibernia differs but little from Britain in soil or population, the inference is natural, that long before his time a colony of the German race had also forced its way into that island. There

is not, however, any direct evidence to support this conjecture, besides that of the native historians. Ptolemy, it is true, about half a century later, places a Belgian colony (the *Menapii*) in Ireland; but the statement of the geographer affords no means of ascertaining the date of their arrival. Thus much, however, may be affirmed with safety, that so far back as authentic history lends its light, the Germanic race has predominated in the British islands.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR 1829.

BROOKS, thou dullest of all years!
Let Wordsworth o'er thee shake his ears;
Let Southey, for his pipe of port,
Pay to thy majesty his court;—
Let Millman, weary of the Jews,
Fall on his nose to kiss thy shoes;
Let pungent Crabbe, let classic Bowles,
For thee forsake the cure of souls
Leaving in peace his northern hovels,
Let Scott abjure for once his novels;
Let Moore leave Byron to his doze,
And give thy dying hours to prose.
Dramatic Baillie, lofty Campbell,
The host that round Farnassus ramble—
From epic bards to tiniest wits.
In albums who embalm their bits,
Whose sonnets, well entitled *strains*,
Give proof of every thing but brains;—
Old Year, let all around thee weep,
Right glad we see thee fast asleep.

Monthly Magazine.

LAW.

LIKE Monsieur Chabert—the whole is a phenomenon; except that to breakfast on prussic acid, and dine on corrosive sublimate, are the most trivial ventures, after the entrance into that furnace, the law; where man is roasted whole, and whose temperature is death to every one, but that profession who are obviously practising for the endurance of heat here and "elsewhere."

THE CLEVER AGE.

To hear the present generation talk, one would imagine that all the arcana of human nature had been just discovered, and made as easy as A, B, C. How Sophocles contrived to affect the feelings, or Shakspeare to get such an odd insight into things, must appear a mystery to the men of this generation, seeing that *their* theories had not yet issued from the womb of time. Every one now a-days, who can write a novel or a poem, that shall set the young misses a weeping, is pronounced to be brimful of passion and profound reflection. Truly this profundity is that of a slop basin, the bottom of which you cannot

see, only because it is so full of dregs. Ah! the good old days of Pope and Dryden are passed away! Depend upon it, could *Paradise Lost* now issue from Murray's press, it would be pronounced—"Such a work as it is by no means lese-majesté in the court of criticism to pass over. A poem of some merit, certainly—but by no means distinguished by that depth of feeling and intuitive insight into the human heart which distinguish the productions of the present day." Do I exaggerate?

Blackwood's Magazine.

PORT WINE.

THE quantity of (factory) wine stored for the English market may be stated at 53,000 pipes; and 25,000 pipes may be considered as the average quantity exported to England annually. During the last year (1828) the number of pipes sent to England amounted to 23,000; but this unusual exportation probably arose from an apprehension of the intercourse between the two countries being interrupted. The exportation of port wine to all other countries does not exceed from 10,000 to 15,000 pipes annually." —*Col. Batty's Views of Oporto.*

AT Surinam, the Iguana, a species of lizard, which lives upon flowers and the blossoms of trees, is eaten in fricassees and in pies. It is said to be very delicate food, and greatly resembling turtle. Its eggs are also delicious.

ÆSOP IN SLAVERY.

ÆSOP went with a number of slaves to be sold, and being questioned as to their respective talents, one said he could do this thing, another that, and a third could do every thing. When it came to Æsop's turn, his master asked him what he could do, he answered "Nothing." "How can that possibly be," said his master. "Why," replied Æsop, "as the man before me says he will do every thing, there can be nothing left for me to do."

HUMAN FRAILTY.

IT was once observed to Lord Chesterfield, in the course of conversation, that man is the only creature that is endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the earl, "and you may add, perhaps, he is the only creature that deserves to be *laughed at*."

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